

TANGERS RESCUE;
OR A
RELATION
OF
The late Memorable Passages at
TANGER.

Giving a full and true account of the several
Skirmishes of HIS Majesties Forces there against the
Moors, and particularly of that Bloody Engagement
with them upon the twenty seventh of *Octob.* last; very
pleasant and Satisfactory.

Together with a Description of the said *City*
with the Considerable Parts thereof; as also a Descrip-
tion of the *Moors*; their Nature and Country, in verse.

By JOHN ROSS Gentleman, an eye Witness.

London Printed for Hen. Hall 1694.

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NOTATION

OF

The most remarkable

TANAGER

Having a full and complete account of the history
of the Tanagers, and the various species of the family
as they are found in the various parts of the world
and the various species of the family as they are found
in the various parts of the world.

The Tanagers are a family of birds which are found
in the various parts of the world. They are very
common in the various parts of the world.

THE TANAGER

THE TANAGER

To his most Sacred Majesty Charles the 2d. of
Great Britain &c. King.

May it please your Majesty,

THe abstract consideration of Sublime, and Dread Sovereignty has such a Divine impression of awful Majesty engraven upon it, that it does possess my Spirit with terror to think of presenting my lame, and imperfect work to your Majesties view, and observation: Which may give occasion to understanding wis to upbraid me with the Achine of presumption and folly, (As being called to sit on the stage of my Pilgrimage in the lowermost Orb of your Majesties servants, a Sentinell of your foot Guards only.) Yet considering that, (as in the Divinity it self whole sacred Image you bear,) Majesty is not the only Attribute of your Sacred Person, but is so interlin'd, and conner'd with Lenity, Humility, and Clemency, (to the admiration, and rejoycing of all your Loyal well-wishers: And Astonishment even of your Enemies,) As it renders it self accessible to the meaneest of your true, and faithful subjects: This hath induc'd me to prostrate this inconsiderable mist before the feet of your Majesty; Especially considering the subject I treat upon here, is only war, and the consequences of it. It cannot so pertinently be dedicated to any, as to *Him*, who only can assume the glorious title of *The Souldier*. And being your own Interest, by your providential care and wisdom maintained, *Tenger*, (the fear of the war) by your glorious fore-seeing diligence, and munificent providing detested: And those late victories, (The like neither in this age, nor in many ages formerly against the *Moor* obtained) by your propitious fortune, and triumphing success achieved. To whom else then could I plead for protection against *Momus* carping, and *Lambick* Hairs.

I pray the Heavens may crown your Sacred Majesty with all blessings, and favour all your proceedings, with a successful result, Concluding with the Poet,

Servus in Castris volens, Perire.

Latus intersit populo suoque

Non sine Mauris equitare iulatos,

Tu Dux Caesar.

Your Majesties most humbly Devoted,

J. R.

To the Reader.

You are all welcome to this Critique & not ; I acknowledge I have nothing in this Diary Volume, worthy of your acceptance ; neither is it a piece flourish'd with the florid flowers of Elegance, nor bespangled with the golden Seeds of Sententious Philosophy, for I am no Scotlar, but rather exercised with the Pike than the Pen, and only present you with the naked truth in the ris Naturalist without farding. I know there are many will be apt to censure me, that I have not nam'd them in my book, for some slight wound they have received, or if I were to call them by a Murther Ball. The main motive induc'd me to write, was the aspersions I heard of several Spirits, of Transcending merit ; applauses and approbations put upon men of no deserts. I have heard since my being coming, some mens relations, Officers very brave, and blame them with the Attacking of Trenches, taking of Calours, killing of Moors, and fighting combats against Giants, beating two Armies, like David against the great Goliath. I shall so far redress their misfortune, as to clear them of their wrong imputation, and plead their innocence of this slander, that I know they are not guilty of man's fault, neither saw an Enemy but in the Station of a Labourer, as the Ladies viewing them from Balconies. But Gentlemen, if I have done ill ; I am obnoxious to your censure, and if I have done well I expect your applause, and so far well.

Your Servant,

Wm. M. M.

J. R.

TANGER'S RESCUE,

THis Ancient and Famous City of *Tanger* (called in old *Tingis*, belonging to the Kingdom of *Fetz*) is most commodiously placed in the *Streights*, not only for the benefit of *English*, and *Dutch* Merchants, but a great part of *Europe* also. It was once Enriched with all things requisite to enlarge a City, having at this time freedom of priviledges to make it Populous, (under the Government of our most Sacred King *Charles the Second*;) and encrease to a magnitude if it had liberty to improve the fertility of ground about it, and a secure, and peaceable Commerce with the Natives. The circumference of this City in old, was of a large Extent, reaching (toward the *South*) to a place called *Portugall Cross*, And on the *East* as far as the *Jewish River*. But being rosted to and fro, in the possession of Several Nations, viz. the *Romans*, *Saracens*, *Mores* and *Portugalls*. It is diminished much of its ancient splendour, and Magnificence, by reason the Province of *Tingitana* (from *Tingu*, being one of the Seven Provinces of the Kingdom of *Fetz*) falls all except this City now under the Command of the *Alcad* of *Alcazar* General of those Forces this last year Besieged *Tanger*. He put the City to such extremity of fear, and terror that the best, and richest of the Citizens were designed to fly to the next adjacent Towns of *Spain*, or some other Nations where their destiny did conduct them, and their Money, and best goods already were transported to their respective relations, and acquaintance for Security, expecting

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ing nothing but utter ruine and desolation from this barbarous multitude. For by the invention of many Christian Runagadoes, with intrenching, and undermining they had taken all their Forts, save one or two; demolished & razed them to the very ground. The last of the Forts yielded to the Enemy, was *Charles Fort*, against which they used rigid, barbarous cruelty (notwithstanding their fair pretences, to civil and moral duties) and rude inhumanity beyond measure, carrying their heads like Spectrums in Panniers through their Camp. But as it was said of *Hannibal* after the battle of *Cannes*, if such a *Camiball* as their General (might he be compared to such a noble *Carthaginian*) had but known to make use of his Victory at *Charles Fort*, he could easily surprized the Town it self. Such a Pannick fear Possessed the whole Garrison. Certainly they have been all insatiate, since of so many Forts, not one did abide a storm but yielded to the Enemy upon their threats: (Terrified with the apprehension of their mines, and frightened with shadows.)

I shall not so far expose my self to a publick, censure to say the Enemy had no mines; since it's the general report of all, but I am confident there was none that saw any mark, or token, of a mine in all the Ground there about. Major *Beckman* himself, (Notwithstanding of his great diligence, in attending and Encouraging the Workmen; Riding to and fro, and advancing as near the Enemies Trenches, for discovery as any, and though he was shot in the Arm; it hinder'd him not a minute from his duty, in diligence, and giving directions; yet a man of singular Judgment in the *Mathematicks*;) an experienced Soldier, suspected once the Enemies undermining *Poles*. Fort till they were beat from the Ground, and the contrary seen; so that when such a man was mistaken of the Enemies procedures much more might those be of lesser capacities.

And many are of opinion that *Charles-Fort* could not be undetermined because that some small Springs under it with such a continual moistness diffuses its dropings, through the veins, as it were, and pores of the Earth. This Fort was yielded by Command of the Governour, very much against the desire and will of Captain *Terlany* who Commanded it, (a man of singular Courage) fighting with his small party through the Enemies Trenches, most gallantly, and dying Honorably in the Service of his King and Country. Yet the old Soldiers thought it strange, why they should leave behind them the *Cannons* unsplit, and throw there best defensive Arms, such as *Firelock* and *Pike* from them, and only with their Swords in their hands, run furiously through the Enemies Trenches where four Companies of *Douglafs* Regiment, as forlorn hope, stood to receive them, and this little refuge saved as many as had the good fortune to escape to them. This party was Commanded by Captain *Hume*, and with a brave retreat, and a safe, fought his way back to the Town. It was thought if the party of *Charles-Fort*, had fought after this manner in a close body, they had not received so much loss, And been Seconded by Major *Binton* (who this day Commanded the main body) by advancing he might have prevented the death of many poor Souldiers, and but by this he procured, himself an everlasting Name, viz. *Wheel about*. Some alledge he deserves the *Oxford* willow rather then the *Roman* Lawrell to be preferred, and made Lieutenant Colonel. Now it was no wonder to see the poor Citizens distracted between fear and desire, Expecting a favourable opportunity of wind and weather to put their design of flying, in execution.

When the glad news came of the arrival of his Majestys Friggots, the *Ruperts*, the *Saphire*, and others with Six hundred, of his Majesties Guards from *England*, under

der the Command of Colonel *Edward Sackvill*, a man of most esteemable gifts and parts, With many brave *Volunteer* Gentlemen, encouraged to undertake this noble enterprize in the Service of their King, and Country, by that hopeful young youth the Earl of *Plymouth*, (whose mature fruit did anticipate his years, and antideate his age.) This gallant recruit changed the effeminate designs and stupid procedures of the burghers to a more propitious and generous resolution, and did animate the old Souldiers to a more qualified gallantry, and Courage, and so confirm'd the resolutions of all, that they thought themselves in a sufficient posture of defence.

These *Volunteers* Landed at *Tanger*, July 2. 1680. with two hundred and forty of the Kings own Regiment, under the Command of, Colonel *Edward Sackvill*, and one Mr. *Bowes*; a hundred and twenty of the Earl of *Cra-vens* Regiment, under the Command of Colonel *Tollamach*, (a Gentleman gifted with the acuteness, and flowrish of wit;) a hundred and twenty of the Duke of *Torks* Regiment, under the Command of a modest young Gentleman, Captain *Fawtry*; a hundred and twenty of the Earl of *Mowgraves* Regiment, under the Command of Captain *Kirk* a youth of admirable endowments, according to the politeness of Court. All those with the *Volunteers*, and draughts of the Independent Companies were Regimented under the Command of *Sackvill* as their Colonel, and were called the Kings Battalion. After this Landed the valorous *Hacket* Major to that renowned Regiment of the Earl of *Dumbrison*, all of them men of approved valour; whose fame eccho'd the sound of their glorious actions and achievements in *France* and other Nations, leaving behind them a report of their glorious victories, where ever they came, both at home and abroad, every place witnessing, and giving a large testimony

mony of their Renown. So that the arrival of this illustrious Regiment more and more encreased the resolutions, and united the Courages of the Inhabitants, and added a confidence to their valour. It was strange to see them (Notwithstanding they were necessitate to a Cessation of Arms before the Landing of these two Regiments,) how they coveted now the War to be renewed; to be revenged of the injuries they had sustained all the time between the Earl of *Teviar's* Governing, and this present Landing of these superlative recruits; (During all the time of this cessation of arms) The two worthy *Heroes Sackvil* and *Hacker*, performed their parts most exactly, and diligently in exercising their Battalions, every day to the amazement of the Citizens, (never seeing such careful Officers for the Honour of the King, and preservation of the Souldiers intrusted to them, before) and admiration of *Sir Palmes Fareburne* Lieutenant Governour, who instantly commanded *Inchiquines* Regiment, (in their imitation) to be exercised after the same manner, which made the *Mores* now already begin to tremble, at the apprehension of their fate, and presaging benignity. But the terminating of the peace drawing near, The *Heroick* Admiral of the *Mediterranean*, brave Admiral *Herbert* encreased addition of terrour, and multiplied horroure to the *Mores*, by putting ashore Six hundred Seamen, Excelling in strength, and Courage, nothing inferior to the *Mores*, (the most agile people in the World) in agility and activity of Body, well appointed in all things Necessary, Offensive and Defensive. The noble Admiral (this age not producing a finer man, both in Courage and conduct) always charging on their heads himself. He commanded his men to be Exercised by an Expert old Souldier Captain *Barclay*, whom he made their Major; Rebuking him sharply one day, for suffering the Seamen too
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forward, and furious advancement, lest thereby they might fall in the Enemies Ambushments; answered, he could lead them on, but the furies could not bring them off. The approbation of this practical Souldier proved them altogether of undauntable Spirits, fearing nothing. Now all things being in this manner by every Officer according to his station prudentially contrived, and all in a readiness prepared for sallying forth upon the Enemy, the Governour nothing deficient in the least *minime* belonging to the part of a good and wise Governour, caused a Number of *Stockadoes*, and dales be carryed up from *Tork Castle* to *Katharina Port*, by the Souldiers when they mounted, and dismounted Guard, till a sufficiency for his design and compleating his Enterprize were transported. And hereupon *September 19th 1680*. Orders was given out at night to the whole *Garrison* to be at their Arms, by three a Clock in the Morning, without any extraordinary noise at all: And accordingly every Battalion rendezvous'd in their appointed alarm places. About four a Clock the Admiral, the Governour *Sackvil*, and *Hacket* upon Horse-back visited all the Battalions where they were drawn up: Our *English* Horse, (the *Spaniards* being expected every day) were drawn up next to *Katharina Port*. The forlorn hope next to them Commanded by Collonel *Tollemach*, and Captain *Lockard* (Son to the Lord *Lockard*.) *Tollemach* having ordered his small party, (being all the *Volunteers*, and a detachment out of ever Battalion,) after this manner spoke to them Succinctly. 'Noble Gentlemen, and fellow Souldiers, I have but two words to expresse, and signify unto you, being unwilling to prolong the time. The one is in reference to our Enemies, the other of Encouragement to our selves. As for the Enemy, They are but a rude undisciplined People, fighting without any order confusedly, only waiting their oppor-

opportunities, and occasions of all advantages to entrap us by their multitudes not daring to venture in a pitched field, but shooting in a hidden manner out of their Trenches, Like so many *Cockatrices* Spitting poison From their holes. Concerning our selves, we are come here upon the noblest of Principles, to do our King, and Country Service, and gain our selves eternal Glory, and Fame, either to purchase Victory, or to die Nobly; and any of them procures us the never fading Lawrel. Let us stand to it then: (Brave Boys) They who must Honour win, must not fear Dying. This reasonable word of his had been applauded with the General hollow of the *Volunteers*, and the rest, had they not been Commanded to silence, for the more secure advancing their design. Next to them was the King's Battalion, in the Market place, Encouraged by the Worthy *Sackvill*, after this manner. My good fellow Souldiers, there is much expected from you, as being his Majesties own Guards, therefore let not the infamy, and that ignominious title of Cowardice stain your reputations, but act Couragiously, like the King of *Englands* Guards, worthy of your selves, and let it be known to the World by your valour, that you deserve, and have merited to be so. Let none of you upon pain of death Scamper or go out of your Ranks, though never so much provoked, by the instigation of the Enemies pickeerers; for they do it to bring you to disadvantage, and ensnare you in the Bosom of their Multitudes. Take no care, I shall appoint certain for that effect, to resist them, stand you together, and keep close, according to command, and attentively observe the Orders of your Officers. I doubt not but we shall overcome their rude, and unexpert violence, and gain our selves the favour of our King, the love of our Country, a glorious Name, an everlasting Fame, and repute of all. After the *Heroes* had visited the said Battalion they came

came to the *Scots Regiment* : Animated thus by the Noble *Hacket* : ' My dear Country-men , and fellow Souldiers , Let not your approved valour in forein Nations derogate your fame at this time, Neither degenerate from your antient and former glory abroad. And as you are looked upon here to be experienced Souldiers, (Constant and successful Victories still attending your conquering Swords hitherto ;) Let them not be frustrate of the great hopes they have in you, and the propitious procedures they expect from you at this time, at least , (for the glory of your Nation) if you cannot Surpass, you may imitate the bravest, and be Emulous of their Praise and Renown.

The illustrious Admiral having viewed the Battalion and heard every Officer Encourage his men, went to his renowned Seamen, (and said) ' Worthy Gentlemen and my trusty, and faithful Brethren, I need not use many words at this time to sharpen and set an edge upon your tryed, and undenyable Courages ; We are hear to fight upon Land, (whereof you have had a tryal,) we are not to run here like furious Lyons, as enraged (bereaved of their Whelps) to our own destruction, I know your gallantry in reference to Courage to be unquestionable. Therefore since we have an Enemy of great Subtlety to deal with, let us counterpoise their cunning with conduct, and not be Surprized by them, let us be guided by true resolution more than by furious boldness. And obey those whom I have appointed to Command you observe their motions, and word of Command. I shall be still with you my self in the greatest dangers. I believe they have dearly bought your acquaintance and Knows the effects of your just indignation in two, or three conflicts before, (to their shame, and your glory having by your invincible valour rescued this besieged City,) let them now once more

Tanger's Rescue.

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more find the effects of your War-like and undaunted Spirits, that they may remember you with terror, and their posterity tremble to hear the name of a Staman.

When they had done, and accomplished all things orderly in preparation to their March, September the 20th. 1680. About five a clock they marched out at *Katharina* Port, and before the *Mores* knew, (being surpris'd with a confus'd Amazement) they took up their ground (with a cheerful, though silent March) where they were drawn up about a little Mountain in the fields where *Paler* Fort stood before it was demolished, they were all orderly placed in Battle-array in the most advantageous ground, before the *Mores* Sentinels could give intelligence to their Camp of the *Christians* Approach, being stupified, and amazed at the boldness of the attempt. A pretty while after they had stared, and wondered upon them for the space of half an hour, beginning to appear like so many *Bees* crawling out of their Hives on the Tops of Conspicuous Mountains next adjacent, they stood like so many Statues, till the Governour commanded the Labourers, and Workmen to bring up the *Stockadoes* from *Katharina* Port (where they had been prepared before, lying in a readiness) and to fall to work. This caused them in a furious manner hurled down the Mountains with violence, in Twenties and Hundreds in a rude, unexpert, promiscuous way to interrupt the work; but they were nobly received by the Forlorn Hope, and repulsed by them, that they had not the boldness to charge home, but fell down on their bellies for their safety under the cover of old Trenches built in the Earl of *Tenior's* stime, and when they besieged this Fort lately, and the rest of the Forts (for all the ground near a mile or two about the City is full of such, appearing like old ditches and ruinous Fabricks) from whence they had greatly annoyed the La-

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bourers;

bourers; if Col. *Tollemach* with the *Forlorn-Hope* had not withstood their fury and violence, by marching up to a place called the *cauley* of Arms about twenty furlongs beyond the Fort; and there so peppered them of with firing in the Enemies Trenches, that they durst scarce budge up with their heads, but peep like so many Mice out of holes. A strong detachment of the Kings Battalion, and *Inchiqueens* regiment (who were drawn up next to them on their left hand) were commanded to a place called *Ann's Fort*, and *Tindel Fort* to repulse the Enemy, and keep them back unapproached to molest the Labourers, from *Charles Fort*, whence it was perceived many of their recruits continually came in clusters, as it were. The two Battalions of *Dowglass* regiment, and the Seamen upon the left of all, where they had a place called *Py-corner* allotted them for their Post, charging the Enemy most resolutely, and beating them from Trench to Trench, all along from *Py-corner*, to a place called *Portugal-cross*, near a mile off, and had undoubtedly advanced further, had not the wisdom of the Admiral, Governour and Sir *Jam. Hackett* put a stop to their career. This manner of conflict, and fighting endured for the space of Seven or Eight hours desperately, and continually firing on both sides from right to left, that it was nothing for a Musketeer to empty three or four collars of Bandoleers notwithstanding of their reliefs every two hours.

But a little after two a clock in the After-noon the *Mores* began to faint and desist, not firing so hotly as they did, which gave freedom to the workmen, and respite to the Camp to refresh themselves with victuals and drink. About eight a clock at night (when the workmen had given over work) the detachments were called in to their respective Battalions, retiring in good order, which gave occasion to some of the *Morish* Pickers (perceiving

ceiving their close Marching) to send them some flying shot, and advancing coldly as if they designed to beat up their rear; but wanted the courage to attempt it, not daring while the *Christians* were at their Posts to lift up their red heads, for being remarked by their little red caps, they were immediatly fired upon; all of them having retired in safety, joyned with the body, Expecting what further orders was to be given. By this time all the ground designed and appointed to build the Fort on, was *Stockade* d round by the chearful working of the Labourers, and diligent attendance of Major *Beckman* Ingenieur, and careful overseeing of Mr. *Sheeres* Master of the Mole (a man of illustrious and Ingenious skill also.) They cleansed and cleared the rubbish of the old Fort, and interlined the *Stockades* with Earth and Stone, for the more security of the Souldiers to defend it, only left a little of the Foundation of the old Walls which the Enemy carelessly had not throwne down: This they left standing in the middle of the *Stockades*. After it was made a little clean within, (like a Pond without Thatch or Cover save the Clouds and Sky) and appointed to be the Officers room (far inferior to the delicate room of *Tilt-yard*;) In this little inclosure, as well fortified and fenced as could be in such a haste accomplished, the Kings Battalion and Forlorn Hope were commanded to lodg in the first night, for their Honour, whom the Earl of *Plymouth*, the Lord *Mordant*, and the rest of the Gentlemen did accompany, being accommodat all alike. This first night was somewhat cold, by reason of a small shower of Rain, which I believe procured the sickness and distemper of the place to that Noble Youth the Earl of *Plymouth*. I am sure, and I have it by experience, that the hot service, and the want of sleep the night before, and the extraordinary what procured by their much travel, working and hot

service, drinking sufficiently, tho' not more than to suffice nature, made many of the private Sentinels contract the distemper of the place to the hazard of their lives, wherein many died, to whom this noble Earl was nothing inferior in vigilancy and pains, if not far surpassing them in indefatigable exercise. This new Garison, and wooden Citadel being furnished with this new Guard, The rest of the little Army retired into the Town, except a Battalion of *Douglass's* Regiment, left for a reserve and by-guard without *Kurharina* Port. All this first night the *Mores* gave scarce any trouble, not appearing till the next morning, that the whole Camp marched out again to their former ground: Then there were parties Commanded to their former Posts, and the great Guns from *Peterbroock* Tower, and the other Batteries began to fire again. After this manner they continued for the space of Eight days, every morning regaining, and repossessing themselves of the Ground and Trenches the *Mores* had taken in the night-time. The number of the wounded and killed the first day is variously talked of. The Enemies loss being uncertain, and the *Tangerines* so inconsiderate, that it was not much noticed till the viewing of the rolls afterwards. All this while during the space of Eight days, Parties upon parties, and Detachments were appointed to such, and such Posts Commanded by the Officers according to their turns: This kept the Enemy in such fear that it procured the Labourers freedom to work, and they brought it to such a conformity, that the *Mores* durst not attempt the Storming of it, but consulted how they might by policy interrupt this work.

The 22. day being the 21. of Sept. Capt. *Fitz-Ratrik* Lieut. to Capt. *Fawcett*, was commanded to draw Fort with a detachment of the Kings Battalions and *Queen's* Regiment, where he most Resolutely and Gallantly

by beat the Enemy from a Trench (a matter of Forty
 furlongs beyond his Post) which afterwards proved very
 advantageous for the benefit and safety of the Labourers,
 and security of the Guard of *Poles Fort*, Viewing and per-
 ceiving something extraordinary in this Trench, that pro-
 voked his aspiring Spirit, (either that the Enemy might
 be better battered from this Trench, or the workmen at
Poles Fort better, and securer defended from the Shot)
 he used the best of policy to animate, and encourage his par-
 ty, by giving them two or three *Guinies* to be distributed
 among them: (For there is nothing that more enboldens
 an Army, and makes them victorious, than money, which
 is as it were the very Sinews and Nerves of War: And
 the want of it many times produces discontents, murmur-
 ings and Mutinies among the greatest spirits. This free
 and noble gift of his did engage, and oblige them to fol-
 low him any where, so that they quickly took possession
 of this Trench of the Enemy: Now notwithstanding of
 this commendable enterprize, the Governour, who
 wished withal his heart to have it, with a modest rebuke
 commanded him back; which made the Souldiery i-
 magine, he designed the prolonging of the War for his own
 interest: But no man can justly blame him for studying
 the preservation of the Army entrusted to him, since none
 (as he many times objected to the Officers) could be, or
 would be accused for that but himself) none venturing
 more boldly than himself: This was a manifest evidence
 of his Courage, and the other of his Prudence, Conduct
 and Policy: Nay but for all the Governours foreseeing di-
 ligence to prevent the Officers stout, (I shall not call them
 rash, because they succeeded) and bold attempts, *James*
Swindell, a Lieut. Col. *Thlemach* there, being com-
 manded with a party a little to the left of *Flex-Parick*,
 at some distance from the Fort, advanced to the Enemy
 most

most courageously in a most dangerous place, till he was interrupted by the Governour also. There was a hidden way here where the Enemy might have brought their whole forces and Environ'd him. This Gent. was both careful, and diligent for the benefit of his Souldiers (being a most expert experienced Souldier) by visiting the wounded and sick very frequently, supplying them with money out of his own pocket to buy them in their distress, all necessaries, a most laudable and commendable thing in an Officer.

The third day (being the 22^d. of Sept.) there was very hot service on both sides, firing continually. The *Christians* with expertness, and prudence pursuing to gain victory, and defend their Labourers. The *Morish* defending to keep their Trenches, and avoid destruction, and molest the works. This day the *Scotts* and the *Seamen* were hotly engaged, having beat them out of several Trenches, attempting divers times to attack the *Bremies* Colours, but as often by the Enemies multitudes repulsed. The *Scotts* Granadeers once forgot their Powder and Ball in the Enemies Trench: Their Lieut. called *Mackrackan*, endeavoured to recover and regain it, but in vain, which perceiving; he threw three or four Granades with his own hand to set it a fire before it should fall in the Enemies hands, to the great danger of his life. This hot service of the Granadeers invited the Lord *Mordant*, Capt. *Fitz-Patrick*, and several *Volunteers* (covetous of Honour, and ambitiously emulous of Glory) to be partakers of this pleasant, (though dangerous) Sport, where they had almost lost their lives, prizes too pretious for such a barbarous Multitude. This Capt. *Fitz-Patrick* being hotly pursued by some Horsemen of the *Morish*, was rescu'd by his own man *John Barks*, by a blow which dismounted the *Morish* Horseman just as he was going to lance

lance him, a happy shot for his Master, and the Lord *Mandant* also, (who gave him two or three *Guinees*.) But an unfortunate one for a poor *Granadeer*, that too much coveted the Horse, and without Command runing over the Trench, (vowing to dip, or have him) caught hold suddenly, and Offering to mount him, by the kicking and vaulting of the Horse before and behind (the poor Stout Soul not accustomed with the managing of their Horse) was thrown on his back, and nailed to the ground with a darted lance, and cut in pieces, in the sight of his own party notwithstanding of a hundred shot none daring to rescue him. This was the first man was Killed quit out, one the *Christian* side. And to bring off this dead mangled body, a young Gentleman Lieutenant *Arbuthnot*, a *Volunteer* and *Reformed* with a *Corporal* venturing too boldly, were both Mortally wounded. *Arbuthnot* losing his leg, and the *Corporal* wounded, in five, or six places with Sword and Lance. Having continued all the day after this manner of skirmishing; Near the Evening, the Guards, or detachments was Commanded to retire into the main body. Now the *Mores* lying in great multitudes hid at the back of their own Trenches, behind some little Hills, ready to take advantage, (their only study being to bring the Citizens into their ambushes lying all day ready prepared for that intent,) seeing their projects fail by the *Christians* marching off: It so incensed and enraged them, that they after their accustomed manner most furiously assaulted both the rear of *Douglafs* men, and the Seamen, where they got the change of their Mony, taking the wrong *Pegg* by the ears. This alarm'd the whole Camp, and put them quickly in a posture to receive them. The Admiral and Sir *James Hacker* immediately Commanded their men to Face About, and give the Enemy a full salvo in their bosoms. This danted them, and put them

to a stand. The great Guns of the *Trib* battery playing like thunder among them, and they softly and in order retiring, and in their retreating, firing the street way of firing, by the prudential wisdom of the Commanders the Guards were brought in safely, not so much as one of them wounded, a great providence and much to be remarked, that notwithstanding of this dangerous assault they should come so nobly off. The truth is, the Governour, Admiral, and Sir *James Haker*, with the assistance of all the inferior Officers, had great difficulty to keep the Souldiers from charging the Enemy home to their very Camp, and were forced with their Swords in their hands, to interpose themselves betwixt them, and the Enemy to threaten their retreat. This was the first time we see the Enemy make use of stones out of their Engines and slings. After this manner every day continuing skirmishing, attacking the Enemies Trenches, gaining and regaining ground, as they thought expedient for their own security, and safety of the Work-men.

About the 28th of *September*. 1680. The *Christians* (Thinking the Fort to be in a sufficient posture of defence against all *Barbary*) break up their Camp, leaving a guard of Six hundred men in the Fort, which was relieved every four and Twenty hours, according to the custom of the Garrison.

All things going on chearfully, and diligently, by the watchful attendance of the Governour, and Officers Encouraging both Souldiers, and Artists to Work, for the fortifying of it. They began now to commence, and (designing to have it vaulted) to draw a Trench between *Katharina* Port, and the Fort so artificially, that the Enemy might not see the relief and Succour they intended at any time to send them, and to rear up Batteries, with great Oak Planks, and Earth, and Stone till a time

time produced them opportunity to rebuild without danger. The Enemies having raised a kind of battery with turrets, Earth and Stone, betwixt them and Charles Fort, towards the South-west, and planted a Gun without any carriage, firing against the Fort several times with little hurt. Save the killing of a Carpenter, and wounding two Soldiers. This Gun, became useless in a short space, being Poppered off with a brazen piece (the Governor caused to be brought and Planted at the Gate of the Fort,) and the Great Guns from *Peterburrow* Tower, but especially a Mortar Piece. From whence most skillfully played among them, and terrified them so, that it was a sport to see them run, and scamper when the great bomb brake among them. Forsaking this place they planted a Gun towards the South of the Fort, shooting some ball through the Governours House, with no prejudice, save frighting the Ladies. After all this they planted a Gun of two, (according to their unexpert custom,) toward the South-East on the sand hills, thinking thereby to work wonders against the Frigates in the road, but this proved to no effect. Save a poor Cooks broath in the mole they battered off the fire.

The frequent and often shooting of the great Guns in the Town, made many of them split one day, several Officers going to view the Enemies proceedings from *Peterburrow* Tower, by the advice of Mr. *Shorro* (a Gentleman of Excellent Endeavours, gifted with illustrious bestows of mind, in Art and Skill) a Gun was fired, whose Splinters (having broke,) Slightly wounded himself, and mortally (as was thought,) Captain *Fitz-Patrick*, and also one of the Gunners. This splitting of so many Guns, was thought by several of the Inhabitants to be done by treachery, or by some clandestine means the *Moor* had used to poison them. But the Wiser sort im-

puted it to the Neglect of the Gunners. The *Moor* has last attempted several times in the Night, to Storm the Fort, and in the day-time to hinder the Work-men, with their small shot, but were bravely repulsed; this produced every day the killing and wounding both of Officers and Soldiers on both sides, so that finding all their Endeavours to fail (having used all policy and diligence to hinder the building of the Fort) They studi'd how to accomplish their designs by their late way of Entrenching, thinking by their threats of undermining to have such success, as they had formerly. I shall not say that they cannot mine, having so many Christian Renegadoes for that effect, whom they Encourage with great wages, and preferment also. Among these there is one *Jomagan* an *English* man, (but they have changed his Name) being Boy to the *Serzen* of *Tanger*, upon some discontent, received from his Master, (nothing bringing men sooner to desperate attempts) he did want of Encouragement from the *Grandees* of the Town, (which is the loss of many ingenious youths.) Upon this he did both desert his faith, and his Country, and run to the *Mores*, with the matter of some twenty Shillings, which in the time of his prosperity, he thankfully bestowed to the *Serzen*, multiplying the sum for the use of it. This argu'd a generous Spirit, and only the want of Encouragement induced him to this wicked Enterprize. And being now ashamed to return among his Country-men, where he may suffer poverty, and want, resolves not to lose a certainty for hope, but continues Lieutenant General among them, or the equivalent of such a place by the help of such like Renegadoes, they are come to a great perfection of military discipline and policy, beyond what they were in old, or in the *Earl of Teviot's* time. And then they drive such multitudes of men at Command, that in dark nights time they can Entrench, and dig more ground than all

the *Tangerines* in Twenty. This made them bring a Trench in such a short time to the foot of a little hill joining back to the South side of the Fort, and raise a battery of Guns at a place called the Case of Arms, very near the Fort; this place, while the *Tangerines* lay in Camp was in their own possession, and a great help, (a party of the *Christians* being always there to defend the Work-men of the Fort, and keep the Enemy at a distance, but now neither the small nor great from Town and Fort could keep them back, but they possessed it and brought the Fort again in danger of undermining. This made the Governour himself suspicious of the work, and puzzled Major *Beckman*, and all the Engineers to believe that the Fort was already undermined, and concluded there was nothing to prevent their undermining, and save the Fort, but to fallly forth with all the Forces they could make, and beat them from that Ground, and maintain it against them, till they concluded their work within. This was the time (as I said before) that Major *Beckman*, apprehended the Fort to be undermined, though it was not, nor so much as a Mine begun. Yet it was the occasion of their falling forth, and fighting this bloody day of the last Engagement, As the Inhabitants called it. And upon this design, the 24th of *October*, 1686. the Governour, with many Gentlemen went to view a piece of ground, and contrive how to beat off the Enemy, being a man of undaunted Spirit, in Courage and Resolution, fearing nothing, but still riding in every place of danger to animate the Soldiers; by this constant custom of his, and never changing his Horse, the Enemy did know him, and firing often, with an unfortunate and fatal shot, Wounded him Mortally. This occasioned the *Spanish* Horse, to give the first proof in this place of their Noble gallantry, and Valour, to revenge the death of this Heroick Governour,

whom they both honoured, and affectionately loved, while he was alive, for having the Guard this day. They advanced to the Enemies Trenches, and charged them home most Courageously, killing several of the *Mores*. Their Captain himself having killed one or two with his own hand.

Now Colonel *Sackville* took upon him, as being his right, the Command, in absence of the Governor, who was carried off. And perceiving the *Spaniards* noble meaning, fearing they might be brought to some inconvenience by the *Mores* cunning Ambushes and Treachery, immediately ordered a Captain that Commanded a detachment of the Garrison, to second the *Spanish* Horse, but when he Commanded them to March, notwithstanding all his Threatning, they run. This was imputed to the old *Tangerines*, how justly I shall not dispute. Only this is certain Colonel *Sackville* sharply rebuked them the next day, in a short speech and told them in plain terms, If it was their custom, to make use of such base procedures and Wheelings, as they did now, and formerly at *Charles Fort*, he would prepare them a sharp welcome, and if they run any more so shamefully, shunning a noble death by their Enemies weapons, they should receive an ignominious one from their Friends, and vow'd solemnly, the first he saw run, he should shoot with his own hand. This made them the last day of the Engagement fight nobly, and recover their Honour. To tell the truth this was imputed to the Officers, and not the Soldiers, nor yet to the inferior Officers either, for they are as Stout, and resolute men as is in the World, and I am of opinion, and I believe so are many with me, that a Soldier will never run while his Officers Stand.

The 25th of *October* 1680. The Enemy sent in a Flag of Truce with *James York*, or as he is now called by the *Mores*

Mores Hamue, a Treacherous, apostate Renegadoe, most cunning, and subtle, perfect in the *English* Tongue which he had learned in *London*, when he was in his royal Highness's Service whom he caused to be Educate and Christened and afterwards sent him to *Tanger*, to be beneficial to the Garrison, and advance their designs against the *Mores* having their *Lingua* also. This fellow apprehending himself Slighted and Neglected by the Governour *Inchiquen*, studied, as the Devil put in his mind, a most Subtle requital of revenge, worse than blind *Samson's* pulling down the Pillars about the *Philistines* Ears. He made the Citizens believe (Nothing jealous of his Treacheries,) That there was a great drove of *Cows* and *Cattle* in the next adjacent Wood, and none with them, so that it was a prize they might easily win with no loss at all purchase. And upon this false pretext, perswaded the best of the Souldier and Citizens to undertake it, to the Number of five hundred, and having brought them to the place where he had appointed an ambush of the *Mores*, he suddenly Start out and bid them defend themselves, for they had need; of this five hundred scarce Ten escaped to tell news of their Brethren, being surprized and environ'd, with a multitude, and Barbarously Slaughtered. This Messenger, or Ambassadour of the *Mores* coming very near the Fort, very confidently, desired to speak with the Captain of the Guard, Colonel *Tollemack*, Commanding the Fort this day, sent forth one of his Serjeants, *George Farebrother* to Commune with him, as thinking it below himself to enter in Communication with one so far his inferior, and in this he did most commendably, like himself. (Notwithstanding the Noble Earl of *Plymouth*, had Honoured this base fellow, to Commune with him in the time of the cessation of Arms, not knowing what he was, or then out of curiosity to see him, however some discourse passed be-

between them, asking if the Earl of Plymouth was in Town not knowing to whom he spake, and asking him, saw he a Colonel, or a Captain, to all which the Noble youth answered Negatively. *Farebrother* according to his Command went forth, and a little beyond the Fort did meet him, he asked many frivolous queries, for several of his acquaintance in Town, calling them his Friends, and what he thought of yesterday mornings sport. *Farebrother* answered, He thought very well of it, if they would continue to shew such sport every day, meaning the *Spaniard* and their Ingagement, that Morning the Governor was Wounded. This Communing of theirs was most advantageously made use of by Colonel *Sackville*, for having received a letter from the *Alcal*, the same Afternoon, after the Engagment, Complaining sadly on his procedures and that he thought it was not Soldier like, neither like a great Gallant, as he reputed him, to steal upon them in their Trenches, *Sackville* answered, that he had not him to blame for it, but *James Fork* that perswaded them to it. Upon this it was thought the *Mores* killed him themselves, and cut him to pieces. Others believed he was killed in the Fields; whether of the two I shall not dispute, but certain it is he is dead. Only he deserved not to die so Nobly as in the bed of Honour, but rather the death of a Malefactor upon a Gibbet.

The 26th of October, 1680. A Council of War being called it was unanimously concluded, to fall upon them the next day, timely, and beat them from that ground they possessed and had intrenched, for the working their Mill and immediately orders was given to the whole Garrison to be at their Arms betwixt two, and three a Clock in the Morning, and accordingly conven'd at their respective appointed places. And in the Twilight marched out silently Horse and Foot, well ordered and accoutred,

Sackville

Sacred ordering and placing the Battalions in Battle array like a Wise and skillfull Commander, and ordered every Battalion in their places, when and where to March, and charge. And for the more Security, appointed an orderly man out of every Battalion, to attend himself, since he could not be at all occasions, in one and the same place together, that by them upon necessity he might return orders to every Officer in the least detachment, how to proceed. This prudent and provident procedure of his, proved him nothing inferior, to the renowned Earl of Trier himself in Courage and Conduct, and more fortunate than any Governour of that place in this age, for he obtained the greatest and most Triumphant victory against the *Morari* that had been got since the time this City was in the possession of our Sacred King. It was thought a great matter before, and an act of Signal courage to bring off one of the *Morari* dead bodies; and many were recommended to his Majesty formerly, who had killed but a *Morari*, as Men of Singular Valour and Surpassing Gallantry, and for this single act rewarded munificently. But at this time above a hundred and fifty dead bodies were brought off and thrown in a heap betwixt the Fort and the Town: Cutting off their Privities to make Purses, which I have seen, and their Ears hung up and dryed to be Monuments, as Trophies of this famous victory: There was none carry'd off more of the dead than the *Scots*, and their Granadeers Commanded by a most Gallant, Stout, Personable Gentleman Capt. *Hodge*, gifted with the accomplishments of a Souldier, always charging upon the head of them, in the habit of a private Granadeer, with his firelock and Granado bag, and of such a complacent humour and condescendency towards his Souldiers, that by this and his brave example, He encouraged them thirsting to be revenged for the Granadeer they had cutt in so many pieces

pieces before, giving them *Lex Talentis*, and remembering the barbarous cruelty exercised against their brethren in *Charles Fort*.

The 27th of *October* 1680. Very timely when they could Scarcely well see at a far distance (the sign given) the *Christians* charged most furiously in all places. The great Guns from the City, now and then, as they found advantage, Seconded the firings and hollowings of the Battle. Nothing heard but the roaring of Cannons, the firing of Muskets, the loud exclamations, and cheerful hollows of the *Christians*, over and upon whom they gained any Trench of the Enemy. So that the very noise penetrated the Clouds, and Echo'd the Skies. The *Mores* sometimes answering their Hollows, but in a faintish way, as it were, and as if it had been but the Echo of the *Christians*. The *Mores* have a certain kind of vociferation, they use in time of Battle also, but far differing from the *English*. There being no Nation under Heaven, that have a more martial Hollow in the time of Battle. This day the *Deers*, and their Granadeers charged first (if there was any time at all between their charging, for like fire, and lightning all went to at once) and stoutly seconded by the *Seamen*, *Inchiquen's* Regiment most resolutely assisting the *English* and *Spanish* Horse, behaving themselves to Admiration. There fell out a controversy in the beginning, and was like to have turned to a hot dispute between those Two, who should have the right hand, and Honour of first charging, but by the prudence of Colonel *Sackville* quickly appeased, Giving the *Spaniards* the Complement this day. Telling Captain *Neddy*, (Captain Commandant to the three Troups of *English*). Since the *Spaniards* were come there to do the King of *England*, and the *English* Nation Service. It was requisite, (upon such a tick of time) rather to yield to their proposals, than debate it

it to the prejudice of the Kings Intrest. And that they had reason to encourage such strangers that ventur'd their blood, and life so boldly in their quarrel. And so commanded *Nedby* to draw up his Horse, on the left. The Kings Battalion charged on the right hand of all, and beat the Enemy from that ground where they had planted their Guns, and gained that Trench that came so near the Fort, which was done by them most Courageously, let envy calumniate them never so much. The truth is after they had gained the Enemies Guns and the ground, their marching to second *Inshiqueens* Regiment was a little retarded, and hindered by their Pike-mens haling of the Guns to secure them; that they might not fall again in the Enemies hands.

But the greatest impediment was in *Bowes*, who this day commanded the Battalion, in his too peremptory observing his Orders, alledging his want of Command to advance, Threstning some Officers (that jumped over the Trench to advance) to stand to their posts, on the pain of Death. This made *Bowes* evil spoken of, but worse, when he answered some Gentlemen that were perswading him to advance, by telling him the *Scots* were gaining eternal glory, and they through his fault lay asleep; the *Scots* shall pay dearly for that Honour. This expression made him hated, and purchase a bad repute both of the *English*, *Spaniards* and all that were there. Colonel *Tallemach*, being transported this day, I shall not say with passion, because I never saw him in any, but surely in the heat of Spirit, advancing in the front of the Battalion, where his own Company was, with all the Encouragements could be invented, a little precipitous rushing forward, he fortun'd accidentally almost to fall in a pit, or rather draw well, which had been digged in the Earl of *Teviers* time for refreshing, and relieving some of the

Forts with fresh water, but by the agility of his own body quickly recovered himself from the great danger, (Being in the chock of the charge) and assisted by his own men *William Kerr*, and one *James Kerr* a Souldier in his own Company.

However the *Mores* now were most shamefully beat even to the place of their own Campagn, by the *Scots*, and Seamen. The Horse still meeting them, and cutting them off. For *Sackvill*, had Ordered and interposed parties both of Horse and Foot, so advantagiously betwixt them and their own Trenches: So that when they run from one to the other Trench for refuge, and shelter, they were still met with, and cut off. This made them think the Heavens had conspir'd their ruin, to see themselves Ensnar'd in every corner, that they had not time to advise what way they should run. And the Horse both *English* and *Spanish*, charging the *Morish* Horse wherever they could either see them, or meet them. So that being now so generally thundred, and palted off by all hands, and on all sides, they were even Stupified and amaz'd; but very much terrify'd, when they saw a number of Horse-men drawn up upon a conspicuous hill without *Peterborow* Tower, imagining them to be a great Army with their flourishing Colours, being nothing but the Mole Horse, and work Horse of the Town, mounted by Boys, and other useles persons Commanded by one Captain *Mackenzie*; what was the Governours reason to give the Captain this charge, having the Command of the old *Tangerines* Troop, I know not, more than when he Order'd Captain *Bawes* to be Surveyer of the Store-Houses: Nor why he preferr'd those he Suspected not gisted with a sufficiency of Courage, to be Gentlemen of the Pouch. This is a most useful Officer in an Army, and 'tis requisite he be stout also, otherwise they may want Powder, and Ball when they have most to do. There

There are many useful, though not necessary Officers in an Army, such as Aid-Officers, Sub-officers, Adjutants and Scriveners to Regiments, Clerks to Companies, Lanfes and Gentlemen of Arms and Powder-monckies. An exact Major needs no Ad-major, a good Lieutenant, requires no Sub-Lieutenant a Quarter-master may be without a Scrivener, sharp Serjeants can want a Clerk. Expert Souldiers glory in their Arms to have them well-keep'd and fix'd without the help of a Gentleman of Arms. A punctuall Major may make the meanest Sentinel capable to discharge either of those duties; the poor Sentinel is many ways pinched, tho he pay not Subsidy to such. The boats also (by Command and direction of the illustrious Admiral) were rowing to and fro betwixt the Friggats in the raod, and the Sand hills, this filled their giddy heads full of Chymical Vertigoes too. So their hearts failing them, some run over the *Jewish* River, and some to their own homes without return, Scarce looking back, For fear they might like *Lot's* Wife, be turned to a pillar of Salt.

This Battle was so skillfully contrived, and politickly managed, with conduct and discipline, that altho the *Christians*, were but three thousand Horse, and Foot, and the Enemy to the number of Fifteen or Sixteen Thousand: Yet they might persewed them in to the bosom and heart of their own Country, and taken rich prizes of Men Women and Children: For any other riches, save Cattle and other Beasts, they were as poor as the *Cercopians* that were turned to *Frogs*; if it had been the pleasure of the Officers, and Commanders in chief to have followed the chase in so far, I would have had the addition of a pleasant subject, to have written upon the Natures and Beauties of their Women, which now I cannot, since I never saw one of that Sex belonging to their Nation all the time I was in *Tanger*.

But the *Christians* both in this age, and former ages have met with so many dreadful and bloody Ambushes, (the wise and experienced *Teviot* himself, and all his party cut off miserably by an ambush.) Multitudes falling upon them at all advantages. For they can raise in a minutes time innumerable numbers in their Country, so that they did most wisely in keeping their ground and not advancing further. This day there was four Colours taken from the Enemy with three Guns (whereof the Kings Battalion took two) a Gun and a Colour by the Seamen, one Colour by the *Scots*, one by the *Spaniards*, and a curious one by the *English* Horse, with above six hundred killed, their wounded being uncertain. *October* the 17th. This famous Victory was obtained by the *Christians* but bought at a dear rate, and a great price, many brave Officers and Souldiers, losing their lives this day, and mortally wounded; many great Spirited men dying of small, and slight wounds, (to any mans conjecture, or apprehension) In their Arms, Legs, and Hands, after their return from the Battle to the Town, notwithstanding the *Surgeons* careful diligence to recover them. This incurableness of their wounds, some imputed to poisoning the Ball. There are many ways to poison shot, both by Art, and Charming; this last sort the *Mores* are thought to be cunning and expert in. The old Inhabitants have it by Tradition from the *Portugals* that lived there, that the *Mores* can enchant themselves divers ways, both from shot and Sword. And have breefs like the *Fin-Landers* to hit any thing they shoot at, at a very great distance: Certainly it is a wonder that their slugs of an inch, or a little more of length, and a bullet cut in the Middle, should fly farther than our round Shot. This day Sir *Palmer Fareburne* Lieutenant Governor, and Commander in chief of his Majesties Royal Garrison,

rison, and City of *Tanger* died of his wound he had received formerly. But a little before his death, he caused himself to be brought in a Chair to a balcony, and saw the whole Battle, Speaking to some of those that were beside him, with a deep sigh much to this purpose, 'How variously the vicissitudes, and Circles of Fortune concenter themselves, tossing the ambitious, and aspiring desires of Mortals like *perpetuum Mobiles*, sometimes elevating & bearing them upon the wings of Fame to the Skies, that like *Phaeton* they may catch the greater fall: Sometimes with soft embraces, and delicious charms lulls them asleep, and hugs them in her amorous Arms.

The great *Alexander* her first Favorite and Minion, Her smiles prov'd but a delusion in the end, when he thought he conquered the Earth, and could not command so much of it as to bury him; and *Julius Cæsar* a great Conqueror, and Emperour of the World, was vanquish'd in the end by his own Senate, and kill'd by his son *Brutus*. Why should we be puffed up with the various ebbs and tydes of fortune, since the greatest wisdom is to know our selves to be but men? Who lives by the Sword must die by the same, and who covets honour must die in the bed of it. I have been in this Garrison a long time, many times flattered with the propitious smiles of Fortunes favour, and sometimes endured the lowring umbrageous frownes of her adverse, and fatal Eclipses; doing my endeavour for the advancing my King and Masters interest, to withstand the *Molles* attempts, and gain my self reputation; but I must now pay the debt of all men: And yet I think it rejoyces my dying Spirits to see this subtle enemy so bravely conquered; only I complain on my own sad destiny that during all the Wars and Encounters with them, I had not the happiness to obtain such a glorious victory over them. But I am most glad, a per-

son

'son whom I respected for his great parts ever since he came here has snatch'd the honour out of my hands. Inveighing thus against his fate, and fortune, which the greatest enemy he had could not with more sharpness impute to him, for he was a man of an Undaunted Resolution, and spirit, an Excellent expert Souldier, prudent and wise in all his procedures, and of undefatigable diligence, many times, and every night riding the rounds himself. The loss of this man was greatly lamented, and his death very much regretted. There was no fault his Enemies could brand him with, save only by alledging his severity in the Souldiers priviledges, and pay, and partiality to the Burgers complaints against them for the advancing his own interest. If he was guilty of this, no Governour before him, but was too much led by the same temptation also.

October the 24th 1680. the same day the Governour was wounded, Captain *Forbes*, Son to Sir *Arthur Forbes* Lord *Granad* in *Ireland* was shot dead, advancing too boldly, and unnecessarily upon a Trench, having gone this morning to the Field to accompany the Governour. Now after the Fight was over, in the Afternoon, the Enemy sent in a Flag of Truce, but it was rejected and refused.

The New Governour being taken up, with multiplicity of affairs, both in visiting the wounded Officers and ordering the dead to be buried. This fatal day Captain *Lockard* received his deadly wound, whereof afterwards he died. This gallant Gentleman, (Son to the Lord *Lockard*) Ordered his heart to be inclosed in a Silver Case, or Box, and to be transported for *England* to his Mother. If there be some who may Commend this action, methinks there are none to discommend it; it arguing Surpassing a mutual Love, and duty between Mother

ther and Son. It has been but an unacceptable acceptable present, to her, poor Gentlewoman. So willingly to accept of that she never desired to see, strange wonderful affection, beyond the degree of funeral Ceremony, that she should be so much desirous of a Memorial, (by banishing all content,) to renew her mourning and sorrow, and cover a motive to advance her to her own grave. Also this day Captain *Philpor*, received his mortal wound, and Lieutenant *Stewart*, Lieutenant to the *Scotts* Grenadeers lost his Leg. And many more Gent. were wounded. The Number of the Dead that were killed, on the *Christian* side, from the Twentieth of *September* to the Twenty Seventh of *October*, was, as I judge, between Six and Seven Hundred. And of the *Mores* it is so uncertain, that no man can give a true conjecture. I apprehend the *Mores* loss to be so great that they were never so much affected with any loss formerly nor so much daunted as by this, guessing the Number of their dead to be about Two Thousand. For it is most certain they are now become of a more flexible humour, and more inclinable to a peace, and commerce between them, and the *Tangerines*.

October the 28th. The Next day a Flag of Truce being sent in, it was accepted of, and a liberty granted the Enemy to carry off their dead, It was observed by their great Lamentation, and owling this time, that they make more moan for their dead, than the *Christians*, imitating the *Irish* much in their manner of burying, as it were with Coronches and dirigies, and many old antique Ceremonies bringing the dead to their burying places.

All things being well Settled now, and in a pretty good posture again, a dayly communication betwixt the *Christians* and the *Mores* began for the settling a peace. Many letters and Messengers passing betwixt the Governour, and *Alcad* Complementing Colonel *Sackvil* with ordinary presents, River-Fish, Vennison, such as wild *Bouris*, and the like; (for of *Swines* Flesh themselves eat none) holding *Sackvil* in great esteem, and many Gentlemen such as *Tollemach*, *Nedby*, *Fawtry*, and *Fitz-Patrick*, he had taken a Singular notice of, and seen their behaviours during the War: and so for their valour, had them in singular estimation, and was willing himself personally to countenance, and enter in conference with them,

them, at any time they were sent out to him. This Captain *Fowry* was given for hostage, but within a short space sent back, telling the Governour he would not do himself, nor the good esteem, and repute he had of him, so much prejudice, or injury, as to question his word, declaring him a faithful man both of his word, and promise, and one that deserved so far his favour, as that he thought him more worthy to enter in communication with, for the settling a peace than any of his predecessors, with such like insinuations (which *Sackville* acuteness of wit soon comprehended) he study'd to induce him and used as motives to incline him to a peace; Necessary only constraining him to a desire of peace, to purchase time both to recruit his Army, conceal his affront, and losses, and strengthen himself, waiting his advantage, and opportunity till the Garrison should be weakened, which he suspected should be, (by his intelligence from the Town.) Which is thought by the inhabitants he procures from the *Jews*, and foreigners living in the place; and if it be so, it must only be by their commerce with the *Spanish* or rather *French* Merchants, where undoubtedly it is by the information of some Rogues going to the Garrisons, and Sea Towns of the *Mores*, the better to ingratiate themselves, and sell such commodities as Ammunition and Arms, for lucre sake (where they get greater price than any where else :) induces them to give this wicked information. And it is even apprehended by some, that some of the *English* Merchants, upon this account also give them intelligence, it is most true, some *English* Merchants have been intercepted going there with such like goods, in a stolen manner. But this suspicion of the *Alcades*, was quickly blasted by the coming of *Phymours* Regiment commanded by Colonel *Kirk*, who was afterwards sent over as Prodrone of the King of *England's* Embassy to the King of *Fetz*, and to acquaint him of the Ambassador, Sir *James Lestly's* coming, both of them going with great magnificence and Pomp, and received by the *Alcad*, in a most honourable manner, convoyed, (by great Guards and retinues,) with splendid grandeur to the King of *Fetz*.

November the 1. 1680. Colonel *Tollmach* (by the approbation of the whole Garrison) was chosen and sent to his Majesty with an express, to acquaint his Majesty with all the late procedures. He was resolved

resolved to have gone over in the *Censurion*, being Commanded once and prepared to bring over for *England* the Earl of *Phymouth* body who dyed of his Sickness the . . . of *September*. 1680. a Galland young Gentleman endowed, with all the noble principles requisite to accomplish a Prince; of a Majestick carriage, but so that his Meekness obumbrated the austerity of it, behaving himself with humility to the meanest that had access to speak with him, or made any Address unto him. His death was generally lamented by Strangers, and the whole Garrison. Yet by the revolution, of changes of minds, and intervening of some occasions this was altered, and Colonel *Tollemach* came to *England* by Land, and the noble Corps were transported in the *Foresight* for *England*.

I am not well versed in *Geography* to give a *Mathematical* description of the City. Only I judge it to be in circumference near three miles about. The Houses are built after the old manner, of an equall height, with the Town Walls, without splendid and spacious lights, for the Enemies Balls rebounding many times on the Walls, and thatch, judge what injury they would sustain by large windows. The most remarkable places are *Peterborough* Tower, *York* Castle, and the *Mole*. This *Peterborough* Tower is greatly bettered by *Middleton's* adding a Substantial Builded Bull-wark, and a Walk to *York* Castle; that if the Enemy should gain the Town, by retreating within the Bull-warks and Walk, they might defend the place, and beat out the Enemy again. Now *York* Castle is the place of the *Magazine* the oldest fabrick in the Town, and was a refuge for the *Pirates*, in the time it was in the custody of the *Saracens*, and *Mores*. As touching the *Mole*; it is a most curious thing, exceeding well contriv'd, and if it were finished, it would be the finest, and safest harbour in all the *Streights*, so that the greatest Ships comes there might securely harbour in it. If the North, and North east side of it were finished, and built out but Twenty Fathoms farther in the Sea; The South and South east side, would be quickly accomplished. The foundation of it in some places will be Ten, or Twelve yards broad, And if I rightly remember, Seven or Eight yards at the outmost point. The basis of it under the Water being grounded with large huge Chests, built with laid Stone within, and cemented together, more firm than any *Masons* work, to withstand the furious raging, and

Tanger's Rescue.

Levantick commotion of the Wind, and waves rebounding against it. So that they may build Houses upon the edges or Margents of it, after the manner that the Houses of the Bridge of London are built, and a spacious Street in the middle, both for the better commerce, and Security of the Citizens from the danger of the Enemy. Long may our Sacred King live, and reign, who is at the Expences for building such a curious work, strong defence, and refuge for his own Subjects, and other *Christians*. So I conclude with *Ovid*,
Jamq; opus exegi quod nec Fo-vis ira nec ignis, &c.

And thus I have finished my little work, which I have called
 TANGER'S RESCUE. I have written it in a plain and easy
 style, and I hope it will be acceptable to all who are
 desirous to know the true nature of the disease, and
 the best way to cure it. I have also added a few
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A

P O E M.

When *Hannibal* through the high *Alps* did force
 His way, Assisted by *Numidian* Horse,
 The *Moriske* Horse were then esteem'd to be
 Gallant, in a superlative degree:

At full career they can both dart their lance,
 Recover it with any hand, and so advance.
 Their Foot are by, their Horse-men whip'd and lash'd
 Threatn'd to charge, cut with their Swords and Slash'd.
 Driven like herds, in crowds, and multitudes,
 By which (me thinks) they might support the Clouds;
 So that their Horse-men puts them in such fear,
 They charge with fury, and in mad despair.
 Their Land possesses a curs'd, dismal crew
 Of little Nigroes, that does all pursue
 They bite their Bulls, and sting their raging Boars,
 Fights both with *Christians* and the stoutest *Mores*:
 Feeds upon men, and Women, drinks their blood,
 The *Mores* Entrenching gets them not withstood.
 They march in clusters, like infection fly
 Kill thousands of them yet they multiply.
 And yet (like *Ireland*) I may safely say
 No venom breeds in a superfluous way,
 Save this: 'Tis strange they should abound with these,
 And be so much secured from *Pimes* disease,
 Their *Serpents*, and their little *Ant* and *Bees*,
 Stings not so Sharply as with us we see.
 With Venison well furnish'd, and Fowl,
 With Sheep, and Cattle, but the coarsest Wooll.
 The ground is garnish'd both with herbs, and flowers,
 With fruit, and grass after sweet Summer Showers.
 Their Wax and Honey to all Nations sold;
 Enrich'd with Jewels, and the finest Gold;

To

To Natives temp'rate, and a wholesome Soil,
To those are season'd with the place a while;
Producing *Lions, Tigers, Panthers, Apes,*
And *Foxes* too, (but scarce can reach the grapes,
They be so few) and yet the ground's so fine,
It might yield *Tent, Canary, Muscadine.*

The bravest Horses that the World yields,
Running like little *Greyhounds* in their fields;
That by the Riders managment, and skill,
Like *Goats* can climb the steepest *Rock*, and *Hill*;
It does abound with all the rarest things

Nature produces, or that plenty brings;
Rivers, and Springs, gushing from rocky *Mouns*;
In Crystal streams, whose sweetest far Surmount,
Our *English* water, save in Summer time.

'Tis hotter far by reason of the Climate,

It's a land with Milk and Honey flow;
Where every thing without manumg grows

Save that 'tis mountainous, we think;
Conclude that *Paradise* stood there in old

Were but the people frugal, every Tree

Should there produce the rarest things, would be

They neither plant, nor sown; Plough nor sow

Yet all things of their own accord grow

They only Scratch, in head of falling snow

With some great boar of flesh, or some that round

I mean their Mountains, that work

To work at all but when they're

Yet those whom they their nobles

Their Gentlemen, and Citizens

And higher civiliz'd, Commerce

Which several Nations many get

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